

YAZOO CITY.

MRS. HARRIET N. PREWITT, Editor.

Friday, February 25, 1853.

We authorized to announce GEORGE B. WILKINSON as a candidate for Circuit Clerk, at the next election.

We are authorized to announce J. B. DEASON as a candidate for Circuit Clerk, at the next election.

We are authorized to announce PETER B. COOK as a candidate for county Treasurer, at the ensuing election.

We are authorized to announce S. M. PHILLIPS as a candidate for Circuit Clerk, at the next election.

We are authorized to announce BENJ. F. ADAMS as a candidate for Assessor, at the next election.

We are authorized to announce S. G. CHAMBERS as a candidate for Circuit Clerk, at the next election.

We are authorized to announce JAS. THAYER as a candidate for county Treasurer, at the next election.

We are authorized to announce JO. SHERARD as a candidate for Assessor, at the next election.

We are authorized to announce R. M. WISE as a candidate for county Treasurer, at the next election.

We are authorized to announce WM. R. WRENN as a candidate for Assessor, at the next election.

We are authorized to announce ALEX. SMITH as a candidate for county Treasurer, at the next election.

We are authorized to announce JOSHUA T. RUSSELL, Jr., as a candidate for Circuit Clerk, at the next election.

We are authorized to announce JOHN P. SKEET as a candidate for county Treasurer, at the next election.

We are authorized to announce JAMES PERRY as a candidate for Circuit Clerk, at the next election.

We are authorized to announce N. H. LUSE as a candidate for the office of Circuit Clerk, at the next election.

We are authorized to announce W. H. MANCUM as a candidate for Assessor, at the next election.

Hon. Walker Brooke has our thanks for a handsomely bound volume containing the President's annual message for 1852, with all documents.

To the polite officers of the *Afon*, the Volant and W. G. Campbell, we are under many obligations for newspaper favors.

Many of the Whig papers of the State are advocating the call for a State Convention to be held in Jackson, to nominate a Whig Ticket for the State. What say the Whigs of Yazoo, shall the Whigs of the State—the Old Guard—that never did weary or give up under repeated defeats supinely give up everything to the Democracy? The Democracy that has so long held the reins of Government—that has crippled the finances and ruined the credit of the State? Or shall we make one more great effort and all unite upon a strong Whig Conservative ticket? Let us hear from you Whigs of Yazoo!

The Hon. T. Butler King, of California, has written a very interesting letter to Hon. W. C. Dawson, asserting the practicability of building a railroad from the Mississippi to the Pacific. He seems to think Vicksburg would be a good point for this great National enterprise. Congress will no doubt, at an early day, make an appropriation for the work, and should our State be the starting-point, it will be of almost incalculable benefit to it.

Capt. McKinney

Of the splendid and fast running steamer "Stacy" has our thanks for various and acceptable newspaper favors. The "Stacy" still continues her trips up the Yazoo, and will continue to do so as long as sufficient cotton inducements are held out to her. Those who want to make a cheap, pleasant and expeditious trip to the Crescent City, will do well to secure a passage on the D. S. Stacy.

We have had so much rain in Yazoo City this winter that we were not a firm believer in the Divine promise that the earth should never be again deluged, we should be urging our city fathers to advertise for proposals for building an Ark.

The late Jackson papers contain a lengthy communication from Bishop Green of the Diocese of Mississippi in relation to the change of sentiment or apostasy of Bishop Ives of North Carolina. The cause of this abjuration of Protestantism by a prominent Bishop is attributed to the influence of a peculiar mental excitement which has been operating upon him for several years, and is stated to have attracted particular attention and excited the deepest commiseration of his friends. This is testified to by several ministers and laymen, and also a distinguished physician who was an intimate friend of the Bishop. The communication of Bishop Green is couched in language and terms which indicate the true spirit of charity towards one whom he regards as an erring brother. This defection will create some stir in ecclesiastical circles and various motives will doubtless be assigned as the influencing cause of a change so important and remarkable.

The London News correspondence reports that the priests of Rome kept aloof from all rejoicings on the proclamation of the Emperor of the French and that the army was cold.

Recollections of a Brown Study—What is Life?—Put Money in thy Purse.

Reader, did you ever sit for an hour or more when you were not quite dead but almost speechless, and look into the flickerings of a dying fire and watch its fiftieth shadows come and go, and fall to musing just because you couldn't help yourself, and had not the spirit left to rouse yourself and so let your thoughts and imaginings run way off with you, till you found yourself pondering on forbidden subjects, and your fancy weaving all kinds of quaint vagaries that you were almost ashamed to untangle by the gray light of next morning? We say, did you ever have chills till nearly all of earth was shaken out of you, and yet not quite enough so as to let Heaven fully in—and so did you go on questioning and wondering till you found yourself hopelessly lost in worse than a Cretan labyrinth, with no kind Ariadne to leave you the end of the skein to guide you. And have you asked the old pertinent question that the patient man of Uz asked thousands of years ago and got no answer; and which quivering, long suffering human hearts have asked ever since, and got no answer "What is Man?" A sentimentalist lately propounded the same grave question in a London paper, and the Quarterly Review thus answers him: "Chemically speaking, man is 45 pounds of carbon diffused through five and a half pails full of water." Here we paused. The river of our thoughts struck against the hard substance of materialism and all sentimentality evaporated and left us to glide on over hard realities and matter-of-fact conclusions. For awhile we forgot to murmur with King David, that the wicked flourish like a green bay tree, while the righteous go mourning all their days—and from the Scriptures our mind somehow naturally glided to Shakespeare, and we fell to pondering on the thrifty and clear sighted advice of the crafty Iago, "Put money in thy purse." Well, what of it? Enough dear reader—quite enough—and though we do not wish to be held responsible by any future writers on Ethics, for what may seem heresy, we ask candidly if the following of the Venetian's advice, is not the open sesame of advancement and happiness in this world? What is the lever that moves society, that conquers nations, that makes or breaks a nation in a day—gold—gold—gold! In the olden time as now, it controlled the destinies of life—it sustained the very vitals of existence. Then, why despise, O ye Diogenes, the mammonish counsel, "Put money in thy purse." "Get money," said a dying old man to his sons, who had lived and looked about him a long life and not in vain, "get money, boys, honestly if you can—but get it."

When Jupiter paid his addresses to the nymph Danae, how did he win her? by showers of gold in her lap. Hypocenes throws the golden apple and the fair Atlanta runs after it and him. The silver veil is thrown over the hideous features of Moriana and he becomes the renowned Prophet of Korassan. The Saviour of mankind was sold for money. The children of Israel, the chosen people of God, who were led away from bondage by miracles at which the astonished world has ever since marvelled, and guided through the desert protected by a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, what did they do?—why as soon as a Golden Calf was set up, they all incontinently fell down and worshipped it! Dear readers, how many of you this day are worshipping golden calves?—pause and consider. Philip of Macedonia, who had frequently tested the matter, declared that he could enter any city, however fortified, if he could once introduce a mule laden with gold within its walls. The first act of Julius Caesar, after he had crossed the Rubicon, and determined upon the overthrow of his country's freedom, was to seize upon the public treasury; and at a later period the empire itself was set up at auction and sold by the Praetorian guards to the highest bidder. There is not now an European power that could go to war if the Rothschilds should tie up their purse strings. Look about you and see the influence money has upon every one about you. "Is he respectable—is he rich—has he money," these are the questions first asked when you meet a stranger. Is he an honest man and a gentleman, how seldom! But then money will make a gorgon comely, and a full purse stamps any one happy enough to possess it with all the attributes of genius and mental and moral polish. We ask again, can genius or virtue or talents compare with money? From the tombs of ages the mighty voice of the greatest satirist of antiquity, Horace, answers:

"Genus et virtus, nisi cum re, piliat est:
O, Civis! O, Civis! pecunia primum quaerenda est.
Virtus post nummos."

But we are afraid that the school boys will be looking after us to see if we quote correctly, and we hate controversy—at least with youngsters.

Here we went back to the original question—"What is man?" Aye, what is life that we should after all struggle so hard to keep at the top of the wheel when we all know that we must go under at last. Stephen Garard is dead, and John Jacob

Astor sleeps in his splendid Mausoleum. And what is fame? Henry Clay, the loved of the nation and adored of the world is dust; and Daniel Webster, the greatest mind the age has produced, sleeps quietly at Marsh-field where even the dying, agonizing voice of his countrymen cannot reach him if seismatics attack the Constitution again. And what a fall my countrymen! Kossuth, the mighty Magyar chief is building a large *Brevary*, thereby to put money in his purse! Here the candle went out, and the spiritual rappers commenced all along the ceiling, making night hideous with gnawing and scratching, and so we went to sleep somewhat disgusted with life and its poor concerns, but equally determined to put money in our purse—if we can get it. Delinquent subscribers, notice that last.

The Next Administration—The Whig Party.

The Washington correspondent of the *Pennsylvania Enquirer*, gives the following facts and predictions:

"Quite an excitement prevails among the several wings of the Democratic party, caused by the uncertainty of the selections which may be made to fill the Cabinet. General Pierce has given sufficient indications to show that he is desirous of a coalition Cabinet, composed of representatives of all the factions. It needs no prophet to foretell that if he carries out such a plan, the party will tumble to pieces before a year. Under any circumstances, the chances are every way favorable to the triumph of the Whig party ultimately. The next Presidential election will result in the success of the Whig ticket, provided only the party is wise and true to itself. Every step should be taken from the first with this end in view, and it will without doubt be accomplished."

As a party we are beaten, it is true, and laid on the shelf for the next four years, so far as ascendancy in the administration of the Federal Government extends. Well, we have been beaten before, and so have our opponents, yet it has never resulted in the death of either party. We like the motto of the Whigs of Ohio, "THOUGH OFTEN BEATEN, YET UNDEFEATED." While that noble sentiment pervades the Whig party, and we are gratified to know that such is the response to our late defeat that comes from the Whigs of all sections of the Union, there is no cause for Whigs to be alarmed, or terror-stricken at the wonted boasts of their opponents over a victory. The Whig party has outlived defeat and treachery on other occasions, and it can do it again. It has lived to see retributive justice meted out to it, in times past, and it will yet live to receive again the approving sanction of the American people—much sooner than will be comfortable to the feelings of self-styled Democracy, we guess. Whenever the Whig party shall have achieved victory by such a combination of odds and ends, of discordant spirits and antagonistic interests as that which brought about the election of Brigadier General Pierce, then we shall think, in real good earnest, of despairing—of having the burial ceremonies of Whiggery performed, and of paying our last tribute to the memory of its departed spirit—and not till then. Whenever a Whig President is elected on such terms as to require the formation of a "Coalition Cabinet" of Fire-eaters and Abolitionists, Fillibusters and Old Foggies, and all the "isms" that fickle human nature can originate, we shall begin to dread an explosion—from which as many new parties will spring up as there are fragments of that combustion. We had rather this day, under all the circumstances, be the Whig party, with its temporary defeat, than to have the boasted victory of Democracy, effected by such means as they have secured that victory. From party defeat we have recovered, and can still recover, but from party broils and a conflict of a multitude of extremes, as far apart as the Poles, forever deliver us! The developments of every day go to prove, more and more, that there is in fact no Democratic party at the present day, but only a conglomeration of parties for the time being—a party of parties, that can only remain under the name of Democracy until brought to close contact with each other, such as the division of the spoils after the 4th of March will produce, and then disband into their appropriate chaotic confusion. After that inevitable result comes, and fanaticism and the spoils interest of a popular Government has had its temporary sway, the Whig party, held together by principle and not by spoils, will be left in the ascendancy as the party founded upon the great fundamental principles of our national Government.

PRAY NOT FOR LENGTH OF DAYS—The eulogy of Hon. Horace Binney, upon Hon. John Sargeant, in the Federal Court Room in Philadelphia, is described by the papers of that city as eloquent and impressive in the extreme. When he had spoken for three quarters of an hour—slowly and with deep feeling—he turned to his brethren at the bar and said: "Let no man pray for length of days, for the old man is left alone, when he has buried all the friends of his youth. It was my grateful and painful duty, three years ago, to pay my last offering of regard to memory of Chaucery. I now come to pay a like tribute to John Sargeant. This is probably the last time that my voice will ever be heard by my associates of the bar, and I now offer them my last friendly salutations." He sat down evidently much moved. The room was silent.

Astor sleeps in his splendid Mausoleum. And what is fame? Henry Clay, the loved of the nation and adored of the world is dust; and Daniel Webster, the greatest mind the age has produced, sleeps quietly at Marsh-field where even the dying, agonizing voice of his countrymen cannot reach him if seismatics attack the Constitution again. And what a fall my countrymen! Kossuth, the mighty Magyar chief is building a large *Brevary*, thereby to put money in his purse! Here the candle went out, and the spiritual rappers commenced all along the ceiling, making night hideous with gnawing and scratching, and so we went to sleep somewhat disgusted with life and its poor concerns, but equally determined to put money in our purse—if we can get it. Delinquent subscribers, notice that last.

Signor Madai, for whom so much sympathy has been expressed in the Eastern cities, for being persecuted by the Tuscan government for reading the Bible, is dead. It will be remembered that President Fillmore wrote a letter to the Duke of Tuscany begging more lenient treatment towards the prisoner. His letter had not reached its destination before the vexed spirit of the martyr was in Paradise, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. The same spirit of persecution still exists in those petty Roman Catholic States, as when the Piedmontese and Waldenses were so inhumanly butchered and persecuted that the greatest man that ever set upon the English throne—Oliver Cromwell—wrote word to the Duke of Piedmont, that if he did not desist his merciless slaughter and persecutions, he should raise the siege of Rochelle and exterminate him and the whole of his popish dominion. And the paid stipendiary of the French Court covered before the threat of the English Lion, and the great champion of religious toleration. John Milton, the poet, was the private Secretary of the great Protector, and probably penned the despatch that stayed the sword and the faggot in the desolate valleys of the pious and brave Waldenses. It was at this time he wrote the following peerless sonnet:

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold:
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones—
Forget not! in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient folds
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, the having learned thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian wo.

"Avenge, O Lord, thy Slaughtered Saints."

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Uncle Tom in London.

G. W. Kendall, one of the editors of the *N. O. Picayune*, writes from London to his paper a good hoax that was played off on one of the admirers of Uncle Tom. It seems Governor Roberts, the able ruler of Liberia was in the city at the time, and of course was lionized considerably. An Englishman who had gone to some of the public resorts and was having the great men present pointed out to him, seeing Governor Roberts, said: "But who is that fine looking colored gentleman?" "O," said our American traveler, "that is Uncle Tom." "But," said John Bull, "Uncle Tom was brutally killed away over there in Kentucky or Louisiana or some of them out of the way places." "All a mistake, I assure you, Mrs. Stowe just put that in for effect, there stands the veritable Uncle Tom!"

And the cockney went away fully convinced that he had seen Mrs. Stowe's hero.

Spiritual Rappings.

An exchange tells a good story of a man out west—you know all good stories have their scenes laid in the west—who one night heard some strange raps in his room. Of course he thought the spirit of some departed friend was near him and wished to communicate. He said in a solemn voice, "Is there a Spirit present," the answer was three raps toward the bureau—"If I will get up, will you communicate with me?" No answer. "Will you converse with me to-morrow?" Answer, a succession of loud raps. "Are you the spirit of my sainted mother?" Answer, very loud, nine raps. Then the raps seemed to die away towards the stair case, and he with hair standing on end waited in supernatural dread till daylight, and then to his amazement found that his sainted mother had stolen his purse, his great coat and several other valuables. The editor adds that the circumstance rather cooled the Spiritual mains those parts. Should think it would.

Louis Napoleon's Wife.

The news from France to the exclusion of all else, is the Emperor's marriage to Md'le Montego, which has taken Paris by surprise, and is unfavorably received by the Bonapartists. Mademoiselle is a Spaniard, 25 years old, and grand-daughter to the British consul at Malaga. Her mother is an Irish woman, named Fitzpatrick. Her father is the youngest son of a Spanish family, who fortunately, by death of the eldest brother, succeeded to the titles of Count Montego, Duke of Tiba and Penamando. Her sister is Duchess of Abba, and Mademoiselle is herself Countess of Tiba. The proposal for her hand was formally made by the Emperor on Sunday, and of course accepted. Next day the happy bridegroom communicated to the Ministers that his determination was taken, and that it was a marriage of affection. One report says the Ministers, except one, resigned; but the Emperor refused to accept their resignations. The Government statement is that they assented, as did the diplomatic body. It is said the civil marriage had already taken place, and the religious ceremony was to have been held on the 30th of January.

It is stated that by the Caloric principle, enough fuel may be carried in a single vessel for a voyage of five thousand miles. The experiments that have thus far been made by the *Erison*, have been fully successful.

A Reply to the "Noble Ladies of England."

Mrs Julia Gardiner Tyler, the wife of ex-president Tyler, has published a triumphant reply to the address of the Duchess of Sutherland and other "noble ladies of England" to the Women of America, on the subject of slavery. Mrs Tyler's letter is powerful in argument and chaste in style, and while it is a scathing and eloquent rebuke of the officious philanthropy of the British ladies it acquires the more force from the fact that the fair writer is herself a Northerner by birth and education and only since her marriage has had an opportunity of personally studying slavery as it exists at the South. Well and nobly has she executed the self-imposed task and every true-hearted Southerner will do her homage for it. In spirit of John Randolph's remark to the lady who was making garments for the Greeks—"Madam, the Greeks are at your doors," she skillfully directs the attention of the noble Duchess to the poverty, misery, vice and crime which abound everywhere around her in her own land; and suggests that a portion of the sympathy extended to the well fed, well clad and happy laborers of the South, if practically extended in England, would make happy many a desolate English or Irish heart.

In view of your palaces, says Mrs Tyler, there is misery and suffering enough to excite your most active sympathies. I remember to have seen lately, that there were in the city of London, alone, 10,000 persons who rose in the morning, without knowing where or how they were to obtain their daily bread; and I remember, also, somewhere to have seen, that the Eleemosynary establishment of England cost annually £10,000,000 sterling—a sum greater than expended by this frugal and economical government of ours, with its army and navy, and civil and diplomatic list. Surely; surely, here is a field large enough for the exercise of the most generous sympathy—the most unbounded charity. Go my good Duchess of Sutherland, on an embassy of mercy to the poor, the stricken, the hungry, and the naked of your own land—cast in their laps the superfluous of your enormous wealth; a single jewel from your dress, would relieve many a poor female of England, who is now cold, and shivering and destitute.

Professor Empson, a son-in-law of Lord Jeffrey, and one of the most valuable contributors to the *Edinburg Review*, is dead. He was Professor of the Law at the East India College, Haylebury, Hert's.

The Clayton and Bulwer Treaty.

BALTIMORE, February 11.—Senator Mason chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, reported the following resolution today:

"Resolved, That it is the opinion of the Senate, that the declaration on the part of the English Minister, and the reply thereto by the Secretary of State, as preliminary to the exchange of ratifications of the treaty concluded at Washington between England and America, on the 19th of April 1850 import nothing more than the admission upon the part of the two Governments, or functionaries at the time of such exchange, that nothing contained in said treaty is to be considered as affecting the title or existing rights of England to the English settlements in Honduras Bay; and in the committee's opinion, no measures are necessary to be taken on the part of the Senate regarding said declaration and reply."

Spirit of the Whig Press.

"WHAT SHALL THE WHIGS DO?"—Is asked by one of our contemporaries. We answer—remain the same conservative, unyielding phalanx as of yore. True, we may not triumph as a party, or individually as Whigs, but we may stay the current of wasteful and extravagant expenditure, maintain the integrity of the Union, and preserve the honor of the nation from the stain and odium of the lawless invasion of the rights of a neighboring State; and we may, peradventure, force upon our opponents the adoption of many of our favorite measures, by permitting them to baptise them with the waters of democratic sympathy. If the government is administered upon truly republican principles, it matters very little to us, who hold the helm, or by what name the pilot may be known, who guides the ship of State, provided he steers clear of shoals, quicksands and breakers, and brings her safely into port, with a sound and buoyant hull, with masts unsplintered, sails unwatered, not a sparaway or a rope amiss; and with all our glorious star spangled banner floating at the mast-head, proudly and freely, unsold and untarnished.—Towards the incoming administration, the whigs, we hope, will present nothing like captious opposition; but with the cool manliness of a dignified minority, let us commend where approbation is challenged, with the same independence that we may denounce where disapprobation is merited.—*Lexington Ad.*

These are certainly patriotic sentiments, but do not, surely, develop much spirit. A party which under all the adverse circumstances of the late election polled 1,573,030 votes to 1,588,700 by the opposition might well afford, we think, to take a higher position than the one to which our friend of the Advertiser invites us. Those of us who have ever been Whigs; and believe that the principles of the party are emphatically the principles of the country, have no idea of abandoning them—of folding our arms and offering ourselves up as willing sacrifices.—We are for fighting the battle out, without giving an inch of it to the adversary.—*Hinds County Gazette.*

HEAR.—The Georgia Times, an ultra State Rights Pierce paper, says "it is idle to suppose that Mr. Cobb or any of that (the Union) ilk, will receive office at the hands of the incoming administration." It says:

"Mr. Pierce is a State Rights man; and if he wishes his administration to harmonize with his own political antecedents—to be a unit, around which all the sound elements of conservative Democracy may and will rally, and a large body also of State Rights Whigs—he ought to appoint State Rights men to every office in his gift; except those which are offices of profit; these he might fling to the thousand hungry mendicants who will besiege the White House; irrespective of party. In this hope we advocated Mr. Pierce; and hope the result will not disappoint our expectations."

Speaking of Mr. Dix, of New York, in connection with the Cabinet, the same paper says:

"Independently of his abolitionism, we have a very high regard for Senator Dix. He is unquestionably an able statesman, a patriotic citizen, as exhibited upon the field, and a good and true Republican. But the plague spot of abolition is on his brow, and like the leper, he should be excluded from the camps of our Israel as unclean until he is cured of his leprosy."

"The slavery question is not settled; every administration will have some questions directly or indirectly connected with slavery, under its consideration. The South therefore never can give full confidence to an administration which has a Free Soiler in its confidence. Now Gen. Dix is known to be a Free Soiler. In the canvass of 1848, he held quite an ultra position on the slavery question as John Van Buren, though his demeanor was far more dignified and gentlemanly; and no man doubts but that if these issues were again to arise, that he would pursue the same course. We therefore oppose his appointment and warn the Democracy of the South against the ruinous effects of his elevation to the leadership of the party. There are Marcy and Dickinson in New York, quite as able and far less objectionable than Dix."

It is becoming daily more probable however, that Dix will be tendered a seat in the cabinet.

BENEFIT OF ADVERTISING.—An old man in New York, named Paddleburn, worth \$150,000; who thought he had not a relative in the world, advertised in the papers for any one claiming kindred to come forward, when in less than twenty-four hours he was visited by no less than six aunts, fourteen uncles, fifty-four nephews, ninety-three nieces, and one hundred and forty-eight cousins.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A CARD.

WE take this opportunity of returning our sincere thanks to our patrons, for the more than liberal share of patronage given us the past year; and now have the pleasure of announcing the arrival of the first shipment of our spring stock, which will be, when complete, equal to any in the city.—We pledge ourselves to do justice to all who may favor us with a call, in every particular. We cordially invite our friends and public generally, to call and give us a trial; pledging ourselves to assume as near as possible, the place of those to whom we sell goods—that is, to do unto others as we would have them do unto us.

COWAN, CHAPPELL & CHAPIN.
Vicksburg, February 25, 1853. 33-4.

New Goods by Express.

WE are in receipt of beautiful Berage, Ladies' black, dark & light Kid Gloves: Assorted velvet Ribbons: Stripped French Gingham, Checked cambrics, Swiss plain and paper Cambrics, Whale bone, Elastic, etc., etc.
COWAN, CHAPPELL & CHAPIN.

Gen'ts. Buck Gloves.

A NEW lot just received at COWAN, CHAPPELL & CHAPIN'S.

Shirts, Shirts.

JUST received a good assortment of linen bosom Shirts and Shirt-collars, at COWAN, CHAPPELL & CHAPIN'S.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

WHEREAS, at the January Term, 1853, of the Probate Court of Yazoo county, Letters testamentary were granted to the undersigned on the estate of Edward S. Downs, late of said county, deceased.—All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all who have claims against said estate will present them to the undersigned within the time prescribed by law. Presentations to Messrs. Wilson & Hyatt, Yazoo city, will be recognized.
FELDING DAVIS, Ex'r.
February 18, 1853. 32-61.

J. J. MICHIE & CO., At their New Banking House OPPOSITE WINN'S HOTEL.

Discount Bills of Exchange, Foreign and Domestic, and Uncurrent money. They Check on New Orleans at all times, and during the winter and spring at par. Also on New York, and the principal cities at current rates.

They receive Deposits and pay out on check without charge, and allow interest on time deposits as agreed on. Make collections and remit proceeds as directed.

Buy and sell Land Warrants, county and State Scrip, &c., &c. J. J. MICHIE & CO. Yazoo city, November 19, 1852. 19-44.

N. S. S. E. NYE, Attorneys at Law, YAZOO CITY.

January 7, 1853. 26-41.

DR. BLANE'S celebrated Liver Pills, in Sick Headache and in all bilious complaints surpassed by none, for sale by Jan 25, '53. THOMPSON & CO.

OLD PORT and Madeira Wine, for medicinal purposes, in store and for sale by May 21, 1853. D. TAMBORINE.